



ALFRED the GREAT.

A

DRAMA for MUSIC.





K. Mallet (D) and Thomson (J.)
ALFRED the GREAT,

A

DRAMA for MUSIC.

Formerly Compos'd by Command of his late Royal
Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

A N D

Performed at CLIEFDON, on the Birth-day of
her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA.

The Musical Part of this Performance being then too
short for an Evening's Entertainment of itself, the
DRAMA is new written, greatly improved from
Mr. MALLET's PLAY;

And the MUSIC (excepting two or three things,
which being particular Favourites at CLIEFDON,
are retained by Desire)

New-Compos'd by Mr. ARNE.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year MDCC LIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

ALTERED the GREAT

DRAMA for MUSIC

Formerly Composed by Command of his late Royal
Highness the Prince of WALES.

AND

Performed at CHATELAIN, on the birthday of
her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA.

The Musical Part of this Performance being then too
short for an evening's entertainment of itself, the
DRAMA is now written, greatly improved from
Mr. Bennett's original.



And the whole is now revised and corrected
by the same author.

New-Composed by M^r. A. N. B.

L O N D O N

Printed in the Year MDCCCII.

[Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Personae.

ALFRED King of England.
BERTRUDA Queen of England.

Prince Edward.
Thomas, a Squire.
Gowen, a Squire.
and Walter, a Clerk.



ALFRED

Dramatis Personæ.

ALFRED King of
England.

ELTRUDA Queen
of England.

Prince EDWARD.

EMMA, a Shepherdess,
and Wife to CORIN.

CORIN, a Shepherd.

First SPIRIT.

Second SPIRIT.

CHORUS of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

CHORUS of Soldiers.

ALFRED



ALFRED the GREAT, A N ENGLISH OPERA.

Altered from the P L A Y written by

Mr. MALLET and the late Mr. THOMSON.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*The Isle of Athelney, in Somersetshire, a wild
Country, a Shepherd's Cot on one Side, at a Dis-
tance Sheep are grazing on a Hill.*

CORIN and EMMA,

CORIN.



EMMA 'tis He; against yon aged Oak,
Pensive and lost in Thought, he leans
his Head,
Poor tho' he seem, he is no common
Man,
Modest of Carriage, and of Speech most gracious,
As if some Saint or Angel in Disguise

B

Had

2 **ALFRED** *the* **GREAT.**

Had grac'd our lowly Cottage with his Presence.
He steals, I know not how, into the Heart,
And makes it pant to serve him.

EMMA.

Trust me, CORIN,
This is some Chief, that from our deadly Foe,
The haughty, cruel, unbelieving DANE,
Seeks Shelter here.

CORIN.

And Shelter he shall find.

EMMA:

But ah! the raging Foe is all around us ;
We dare not keep him here.

CORIN.

I'll not betray him :
Just Heav'n forbid, that e'er a BRITISH Man
Should count for Gain what Villainy must earn.

A I R.

A I R.

*Though to a desert Isle confin'd,
In humble Poverty we live,
The honest Heart, the virtuous Mind,
Are Riches Splendor cannot give.
These Hands, inur'd to daily Toil,
Shall sow the Ground, shall plow and reap.
And chearfully improve the Soil,
Thee and thy lovely Babes to keep.*

EMMA.

Thou hast a Heart sweet Pity loves to dwell in;
But think upon our Safety.

CORIN.

O, just Gods!
When shall I see due Vengeance on these DANES,
That war with Heav'n and us?

EMMA.

Alas! my Love,
These Passions misbecome the poor Man's State;
To Heav'n, and to the Rulers of the Land
Leave all such Thoughts, and wisely seek Content
From rural Plainness, and an humble Mind.

B 2

A I R.

ALFRED the GREAT.

AIR I.

*The Shepherd's plain Life,
Without Guilt, without Strife,
Can only true Blessings impart :
As Nature directs
That Bliss he expects
From Health and from Quiet of Heart.*

II.

*Vain Grandeur and Pow'r,
Those Joys of an Hour,
Tho' Mortals are toiling to find ;
Can Titles or Show
Contentment bestow !
All Happiness dwells in the Mind.*

III.

*Behold the gay Rose,
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the Depth of the Vale.
Yon Oak, that on high
Aspires to the Sky,
Both Lightning and Tempests assail.*

IV.

IV.

DUETTO.

*Then let us the Snare
Of Ambition beware,
That Source of Vexation and Smart,
And sport on the Glade,
Or repose in the Shade,
With Health and with Quiet of Heart.*

[*Exeunt.*

ALFRED *advances.*

How long, sweet Heav'n, how long
Shall red War desolate this prostrate Land?
All, all is lost—And ALFRED lives to tell it!
His Cities laid in Dust! his Subjects slaughter'd,
Or into Slaves debas'd! The murd'rous Foe
Proud and exulting in the gen'ral Shame!
O ruin'd People! miserable ENGLAND!

ALFRED. A I R.

*Genius of BRITANNIA's Isle,
Hope inspiring,
Ardor firing,
Gracious deign one heav'nly Smile:
Help this Island to defend;
O protect me,
O direct me
To attain the glorious End.*

Enter

Enter ELTRUDA and Prince EDWARD.

ELTRUDA.

Come, dear Companion of thy Mother's Sorrow,
At length we have escap'd the bloody DANES,
Whose ravenous Pursuit had reach'd the Cloister,
Where Safety forc'd us to retire conceal'd.

EDWARD.

This Letter tells us that my Royal Father
Is shelter'd in this Isle: But where alas
Shall I direct your slow and weary Steps?

A I R.

*Come, calm Content, tho' late possess'd,
Resume thy Mansion in my Breast:
Sweet Fugitive! return, return;
For Sorrow there delights to mourn:
Thou balmy Comfort bring Repose,
Or welcome Death, to end my Woes.*

ELTRUDA.

ELTRUDRA.

Come on, sweet Youth—Be Providence our Guide.

Exeunt.

Enter ALFRED.

What blooming Lady of majestic Form,
Led by a gallant Youth of manly Prime,
Are driven by Fate to seek Protection here?

(ELTRUDA *sings behind the Scenes*)

Sweet Valley—

ALFRED.

Melodious Songstrefs! how thy plaintive Voice
Sighs thro' the Vale, and wakes the mournful
Echo!

ELTRUDA

ELTRUDA *sings.*

*Sweet Valley say where pensive lying,
For me, our Children, ENGLAND fighting,
The best of Mortals leans his Head.
Ye Fountains, dimpled by my Sorrow,
Ye Brooks, that my Complaining borrow,
O lead me to his lonely Bed :
Or if my Lover,
Deep Woods, ye cover,
Ah! whisper where your Shadows round him spread.*

ALFRED.

Sure, by the Voice and Purport of the Song,
This gen'rous Mourner is my Queen ELTRUDA!
Away, deluding Thoughts—it cannot be.

ALFRED.

O bounteous Heav'n ! 'Tis my Queen and Son.

ELTRUDA.

ELTRUDA.

My Love ! my Life ! my ever honour'd Husband !
O take me to thy Arms, with Toil o'ercome,
And sudden Transport, thus at once to find Thee
In this wild Forest pathless and perplex.

ALFRED.

Come to my Soul, thou dearest, best of Women.
O welcome, valiant EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Dearest Father,
The Heart-felt Joy that rises at thy Presence,
Has made Amends for all my Sorrows past.

A I R.

*Why beats my Heart with such Devotion ?
Why swim my Eyes, when you are near ?
'Tis Love that gives the busy Motion,
'Tis Joy that drops the falling Tear.*

C

ALFRED.

ALFRED.

Kind Heav'n, that sent this unexpected Blessing,
 May yet have many happy Days in Store.
 To yonder homely Cott let us retire ;
 For to the Pipe and Tabor's merry Sound,
 The rural Nymphs and Swains will soon advance,
 Suiting their Carols to the rustic Dance.

T R I O.

*Let not those who love complain ;
 If to part is killing Pain,
 'Tis to make the Bliss more dear,
 When the Hour of Meeting's near.
 O Joy of Joys, we meet to Day,
 To part no more—Away, away ;
 For Love has long Arrears to pay.*

[Exeunt.]

Enter EMMA.

Wish'd Ev'ning now is come, and this soft Hour
 Close of our daily Toil, in Mirth shall pass,
 But wherefore thus delays each Lad and Lass,
 His sportive Measures on the verdant Grass?

A I R.

A I R.

I.

*If those who live in Shepherd's Bower,
Press not the gay and stately Bed ;
The new mow'n Hay and breathing Flower,
A softer Couch beneath them spread.
If those who sit at Shepherd's Board,
Sooth not their Taste with wanton Art ;
They take what Nature's Gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful Heart.*

II.

*If those who drain the Shepherd's Bowl,
No high and sparkling Wines can boast,
With wholesome Cups they chear the Soul,
And crown them with the Village Toast.
If those who join in Shepherd's Sport,
Dancing on the dais'd Ground,
Have not the Splendor of a Court ;
Yet Love adorns the merry Round.*

Pastoral Invocation.

*Nymphs and Shepherds come away,
Wanton in the Sweets of May,
Trip it o'er the flowry Lawns,
Swifter than the bounding Fawns,
Frolic, buxom, blith and gay,
Nymphs and Shepherds come away.*

Enter CORIN, with him Nymphs, Shepherds, Peasants, &c.

C H O R U S.

*We come from Hill, from Dale and Grove,
Faithful to Friendship, true to Love ;
Gay Health the Produce of our Soil,
And sweet our Pleasures after Toil.*

END of the FIRST ACT.



A C T.



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A Garden. Night, the Moon shining. A Nymph
is discover'd pensively reclin'd on a Bank.*

ELTRUDA *and* EMMA.

EMMA.



COMFORT, sweet Lady ;
Whate'er the Cause of this so deep-felt
Sorrow,
Relenting Heav'n may kindly interpose :
And if sad Sympathy can lighten Woe,
O cast a pitying Eye tow'rd's yonder Glade,
Where EDITH, all—abandon'd to Despair,
Hangs weeping o'er the Brook.

A I R.

A I R.

*Love's the Tyrant of the Heart,
Full of Mischief, full of Woe,
All his Joys are mix'd with Smart,
Thorns beneath his Roses grow,
And Serpent like he stings the Breast,
Where he is harbour'd and carest.*

ELTRUDA.

Alas, poor Nymph.
But she advances—Let us withdraw, and listen ;

(EDITH, *advances to a slow Symphony.*)

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

O fatal Love of Fame ! O cruel War,
That tore my DAMON from these widow'd Arms !
Detested, bloody Field, where fell my Love !
Give, give me back my slain—Ah no !—he sleeps
In Death's Embrace : In vain sad EDITH calls,
And wastes her Sorrows on the desert Air.

A I R.

A I R.

I.

*A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Art
To warm and win the coldest Heart,
In secret mine possess'd :
The Morning Bud that fairest Blooms,
The vernal Oak that straightest grows,
His Face and Shape express'd.*

II.

*In mov'ing Sounds he told his Tale,
Soft as the Sighings of the Gale
That wakes the flow'ry Year.
What wonder he cou'd charm with Ease,
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
Whom Love had made sincere.*

III.

*At Morn he left me, fought and fell ;
The fatal Ev'ning heard his Knell,
And saw the Tears I shed :
Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
For Ah ! no Sighs the past recall,
No Cries awake the Dead.*

[Exit.

Enter

16 A L F R E D *the* G R E A T.

Enter ELTRUDA and EMMA.

No Cause but Love cou'd wake such piercing
Grief:

The unrelenting iron-hand of War
Has crush'd the Cottage with the lofty Palace.
This melancholy Scene indulges Sorrow ;
Retire, kind Nymph, and leave me to my Thoughts.

[Exit EMMA.]

A I R.

*O Peace the fairest Child of Heav'n,
To whom the Sylvan Reign was giv'n,
The Vale, the Fountain, and the Grove,
With ev'ry softer Scene of Love ;
Return, sweet Peace, to cheer the weeping Swain :
Return with Ease and Pleasure in thy Train.*

S C E N E

SCENE II.

The Cott.

Enter ALFRED.

Why does my Love to this untimely Sky
Expose her Health? The Dews of Night fall
fast,
The chill Breeze sighs aloud.

ELTRUDA.

My dearest Lord,
Think not my Eyes shall e'er be seal'd with
Sleep,
While ALFRED wakes, oppress'd with racking
Cares
For me, his Children, and his bleeding Country.

ALFRED.

Amazing Virtue, join'd to matchless Beauty!
Come to my faithful Heart, there grow for ever.

D

A I R.

A I R.

*From the Dawn of early Morning,
To the Shades of Night returning,
Still these guardian Arms shall press thee,
Shield from Dangers, and careſs thee,
Driving far each anxious Care.
Love his downy Wings extending,
O'er thy Pillow lowly bending,
Shall protect my blooming Fair,*

Enter Prince EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Great Sir, a Meſſenger from valiant EDWIN
Commends this Letter to your royal Hand,

ALFRED.

Now, EDWARD, Fortune ſmiles or frowns for
ever.

(reads)

O bounteous Heav'n, this ſcents of Liberty.

A I R.

(reads)

(reads again)

Incredible ! In these surrounding Woods,
When Night's dark Mantle shall descend to veil
 them,
Twelve hundred Men, accoutred at all Points,
The hardy Gleanings of the well-fought Field,
Behind yon rushy Brook, from hence due East,
Will meet, expecting ALFRED for their Leader.

ELTRUDA.

O loyal EDWIN !

EDWARD.

Fortunate Event !

A I R.

I.

*As Calms succeed when Storms are past,
And still the raging Main ;
So Joy will have its Hour at last,
And borrow Sweets from Pain.*

D 2

II.

H.

*No more we'll shun the Face of Day,
 Beneath these Shades to mourn :
 All Joys with ALFRED fled away,
 All meet in his Return.*

(Flourish of Instruments in the Air)

ELTRUDA.

Listen, my Lord ! sure this is FAIRY Ground !
 What heav'nly Notes sail on the ambient Air !

(A slow Symphony)

Enter SPIRITS.

FIRST SPIRIT.

*Hear, ALFRED, Father of the State,
 Thy Genius Heav'n's high Will declare !
 What proves the Hero truly great,
 Is never, never to despair.*

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

*Sing, heav'nly Choiristers, sing, sing ;
To chearful Lays,
Your Voices raise,
And fire to Glory ENGLAND's King.*

*Thy Hope awake, thy Heart expand,
With all its Vigor, all its Fires :
Arise, and save a sinking Land ;
Thy Country calls, and Heav'n inspires :
Earth calls, and Heav'n inspires.*

[*Exeunt.*

ALFRED.

Hail, ye blest Spirits ! your enchanting Song
Has rais'd a drooping Monarch to new Life :
New Hopes, new Triumphs swell my bounding
Heart.

ELTRUDA's AIR.

*Gracious Heav'n, O bear me !
Let Vengeance long suspended
Strike at the guilty Breast.
The DANISH Race shall fear thee,
Thy saving Arm extended,
To succour the Oppress'd.*

ALFRED.

ALFRED.

EDWARD observe——One Castle still is ours ;
Tho' close begirt and shaken by the DANES.
Thou know'st there is a Path, that, under-ground,
From *Kinwith* Forest winds in deep Descent,
And in the Fortrefs ends.

EDWARD.

I know it well.

ALFRED.

Away, brave Youth, and animate the few,
Those ENGLISHMEN, who yet deserve the Name.

EDWARD.

What time, great Sire, shall I expect your Troops?

ALFRED.

At three, these Men, with ALFRED at their Head,
Shall in the Rear assail the hostile Camp,
While your warm Sally pours upon the Front.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Smile, righteous Heav'n, on this Enterprize!

A I R.

*Vengeance, O come, inspire me!
Virtue and Freedom fire me!
Join me, ye Sons of Glory;
The Foe shall fly before ye,
And Fame record your Story,
In never-dying Lays.
The peaceful Dove shall soar on high,
The DANISH Raven droop and die,
And ev'ry loyal Heart shall vie,
To merit ALFRED's Praise.*

[Exit.

ALFRED.

Now, lovely ELTRUDE, to our homely Cott.
Where thou shalt see me cloath'd in martial
Terror,
Vindictive in the Cause of Liberty.

A I R.

24 **ALFRED the GREAT.**

ALFRED'S A I R.

*Tho' Storms a while the Sun obscure,
No Cloud can quench his genial Ray;
Though lost to View, he shines as pure,
As bright as in the Blaze of Day.
At length triumphant o'er the Night,
His Beams prevail, and all is Light.*

*A NEW FUNERAL DIRGE, in Honour
of the Heroes who die in the Service of their
Country, supposed to be sung to ALFRED by
Aerial Spirits.*

G R A N D C H O R U S.

*How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
By all their Country's Wishes blest!*

A I R and C H O R U S.

*When Spring, with dewy Fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd Mould,
She then shall dress a sweeter Sod,
Than Fancy's Feet have ever trod.
How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
By all their Country's Wishes blest!*

A I R.

A I R.

*There Honour comes a Pilgrim grey,
To bless the Turf that wraps their Clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there.*

[These Four Lines are repeated in the following
Semichorus.]

CHORUS *and* SEMICHORUS.

*By Hands unseen the Knell is rung ;
By FAIRY Forms their Dirge is sung.*

G R A N D C H O R U S .

*How sleep the Brave, who sink to Rest,
By all their Country's Wishes blest !*

END of the SECOND ACT.

E

A C T





A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*A Meadow. CORIN and Haymakers at work:
When CORIN speaks, they flock about him.*

Enter CORIN and EMMA.

CORIN.



Happy Hour! O pleasing, joyful News!
That pious Man, whose simple Dress
 bespake him
Some Woodman of the Dale, was
 Royal ALFRED,
Our most gracious King.

EMMA.

More Wonders yet!
That gentle Lady, whom we serve and honour,
Is good ELTRUDA, ENGLAND's matchless Queen.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O joyful Tale! conduct, protect 'em, Heav'n!

EMMA'S AIR.

*Safe beneath this lowly Dwelling,
Tales of Love and Sorrow telling,
They beguil'd each other's Care.
With this rural Scene delighted,
MARS and VENUS seem'd united,
He so brave, and she so fair.*

CORIN.

Prince EDWARD is dispatch'd to *Kinrwith* Castle,
Twelve hundred Men are marching to the Forest,
T'attack the *Danes*, with ALFRED at their Head.

CHORUS.

O blessed Day! O happy, happy Isle!

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*Should England succeed, we'll crown the day's Labour
With Ale and good Cheer, the Pipe and the Tabor :
Each Nymph shall be kind, and each Shepherd be gay,
If ENGLAND, OLD ENGLAND, but conquers
To-day.*

Enter ELTRUDA.

ELTRUDA.

Ah me ! what Fears opprefs my throbbing Heart !
This dreadful Hour determines ENGLAND's Fate.
O ALFRED ! O my Husband !— Shield him,
Heav'n !
The Cause is thine ;—O save my sinking Country !

A I R.

*Guardian Angels, now descend,
Gracious ALFRED, to defend,
Preserve him from each hostile Snare,
And shew that Virtue is your Care.*

Enter

ALFRED *the* GREAT. 29

Enter CORIN, EMMA, *Shepherds, Shepherdesses,*
Peasants, &c.

CORIN.

My royal Queen, I bring you joyful News;
The King returns victorious.

ELTRUDA.

Thanks, kind Heav'n!
I fly to meet the Lord of all my Wishes.
[*Exit.*

CORIN.

Here let us post ourselves to give him Welcome,
And dedicate the Interim to Mirth.

AIR and CHORUS.

EMMA.

I.

*Arise, sweet Messenger of Morn,
With thy mild Beams this Isle adorn;
For long as Shepherds pipe and play,
This, this shall be a Holliday.*

II.

II.

*See Morn appears, a rosy Hue
Steals soft o'er yonder orient Blue :
Well are we met in trim Array,
To frolic out this Holliday.*

III.

*Each Nymph be like the blushing Morn,
That gaily brightens o'er the Lawn,
Each Shepherd like the Sun be gay,
And gratefull keep this Holliday.*

SCENE the Last.

(Trumpets and Drums are heard at a Distance.)

Enter Soldiers, who march up the Stage, and range themselves up the side. The ENGLISH Banners are display'd; EDWIN follows with the DANISH Ensign torn. After which comes Prince EDWARD, and last of all ALFRED and ELTRUDA. As they advance, a chearful March is play'd, accompany'd with a Side Drum.

CHORUS.

*Speak Drums, speak Trumpets to the Skies,
To Heav'n resound our grateful Praise,
Let ALFRED'S Fame exalted rise,
The Tyrant DANE confounded lies,
And Peace shall crown our future Days.*

ALFRED.

ALFRED.

Thus may I ever greet my gentle Queen,
My gallant Friends, and ev'ry faithful Subject,
Assist their Wants, encourage home-bred Arts,
And save them from the Wreck of foreign
Plunder.

ELTRUDA.

O my dear Lord, to see thee, hold thee thus,
Is Rapture ! Extacy beyond Expression !

EDWARD.

Now Freedom has shook off his galling Fetters,
And boldly strides at large through happy BRI-
TAIN.

A I R.

*See LIBERTY, VIRTUE, and HONOUR appearing,
With Smiles and Caresses each other endearing :
To keep the dear Blessing, so hardly obtain'd,
Let VIRTUE secure what our Valour has gain'd :
We only can boast of our National Right
When LIBERTY, VIRTUE, and HONOUR unite.*

ALFRED.

ALFRED.

BRITONS proceed, the subject Deep command,
 Awe with your Navies ev'ry hostile Land :
 In vain their Threats, their Armies all are vain,
 They rule the ballanc'd World, who rule the
 Main.

A Grand ODE in Honour of GREAT BRITAIN.

ALFRED.

*When BRITAIN first, at Heav'n's Command,
 Arose from out the azure Main ;
 This was the Charter of the Land,
 And guardian Angels sung this Strain :
 Rule BRITANNIA, rule the Waves ;
 BRITONS never will be Slaves.*

ELTRUDA.

*The Nations, not so blest as Thee,
 Must, in their Turns, to Tyrants fall :
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The Dread and Envy of them all,
 Rule, &c.*

ALFRED.

ALFRED.

*Thee, haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their Attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouse thy gen'rous Flame;
But work their Woe and thy Renown,
Rule, &c.*

ELTRUDA, and grand Chorus.

*The Muses still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy Coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless Beauty crown'd,
And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule, &c.*

F I N I S.



ALFRED.

That, laughing Tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend their frame;
Will but awake the gentler flame;
That work their woe and thy Renown.
Rule, &c.

ELTUDA, and great Chorus.
The Muses fill with Twofold sound,
Shall to thy happy Coast repair;
High the I wish mankind's Beauty crown'd,
And many Hearts to guard the Fair.
Rule, &c.

F 45 A 142.



